

THE CASKET.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE ARTS, NEWS, &c.

EDITED BY EMERSON BENNETT.

VOLUME I.

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P O E T R Y.

FOR THE CASKET.

THE STRANGER.

BY MRS. SOPHIA H. OLIVER.

Oh! treat him kindly! he is like the tree
The storm uprooteth—and that many a mile
Sails o'er the waters of the gleaming sea,
To plant its fibres in a coral isle.

Oh! treat him kindly! he thy brother is,
A fellow-pilgrim on the road of life;
His heart is heavy, for no friendly kiss
Doth hail the wanderer from a sea of strife.

Oh! treat him kindly! bind his wounded heart
All torn, and bleeding, rent from parent vine,
Bid proud reserve, and caution cold, depart,
And on the tendrils pour compassion's wine.
Go, ye are brothers—and each pilgrim soul
Is wending onward to the same far goal.

FOR THE CASKET.

MUSINGS ON EVENING.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

I love the eve—a sweet, calm summer's eve—
As slowly fades from view
The monarch of the day,—as if to grieve
That he must bid adieu
To the bright fields he's wandered o'er,
Where flowrets bloom, and ripples pour
Their music forth, and forests sigh—
As breezes soft steal gently by—
And birds, and bees, and insects swell
The song of Nature, sung full well.

O then I love to gaze upon some cloud
Hung in the azure sky!
And read, in golden lines, the dying, proud,
Last look of majesty—
The majesty the god of day
Sends forth in his declining ray—
As 'twere to make a world to sigh
That he might linger in the sky—
Or that dark Night might steal apace,
And spread her veil with lovelier grace.

What beauty sits upon some rugged mount—
Rugged, stupendous, grand!
Its peak a seeming golden, fiery fount,
Well'd from Almighty hand!
As lingering there a little while,
The day-god leaves his sweetest smile;
While o'er its base dark shadows creep,
And lowly woodlands seem to sleep,
And sleepers wake, and owlets cry,
And night-time singers give reply.

Standing at ease against some rough old tree
As twilight deepens round—
FEELING the shades of eve steal over me—
While every teeming sound
That joyed in day-refulgent light
Has ceased; and songs of coming Night
Awake the wood, the hill, the dale,
With echoes of her pleasing tale—
Stirs up sweet feelings in my breast,
Feelings of calm, of holy rest.

And then to see the stars, one and by one,
Peep through the robe of heaven—
As diamonds hung in glitter of the sun
To welcome dewy even;
And feel Night's balmy, cooling breath,—

Mark some rude cottage on the heath;
By sparkling of its candle light
See forms glide past, who with delight
Have sought their home, their frugal meal,
With feelings weary yeoman feel—
Gaze there awhile, then turn away
To muse on God, and Nature's way,
To me gives thoughts, most prized of life—
Most sacred, least with passions rife.

Original Tale.

HELLENA ASHTON.

BY EMERSON BENNETT, AUTHOR OF THE "UNKNOWN COUNTESS," "SECRET ROBBER," "LEAGUE OF THE MIAMI," ETC.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10TH.)

"A month, Mr. Roland, no—no—not so soon—I cannot accomplish it in a month."

"How much time, then, do you require?"

"Why, three sir, at the least."

"Be it so; three months—remember—three months from to-night I shall be here, and I again repeat, I pray you then be ready for me. Think not you can escape, for you will be watched night and day, either by myself or by my agents;—fail me, and you know the consequences! Furthermore, meet me where and when you will, under whatever circumstances you may, I caution you beware how you know me! Speak to me not, save as to a stranger. Think nothing strange you may chance to see transpire, neither make any comments thereon; I say this merely for your own good. Do you understand my requisitions?"

"I—I think I do," stammered Sharkly, trembling, and turning pale at the thought of having linked himself with a man of so desperate a character.

"Enough—beware—farewell!" said Roland, rising from his seat, fixing his eye sternly upon the other, speaking slowly and pausing between each word, as though to make each more impressive; and then striding to the door, he made a halt, took a final parting look, and suddenly disappeared.

For some moments Sharkly sat almost motionless, with his eyes fastened upon the point where Roland was last seen. At length, drawing a deep sigh, as of relief, he turned to the table, examined his check very closely, by turning it over, feeling of the paper, and letting the light shine through it. Having satisfied himself that it was genuine, he muttered, "a pretty good paying job, at all events," and extinguishing his light, he disappeared for the night.

CHAPTER IV.

"How like and life-like is the whole,
When love and genius give the soul."

What a strange being is time! How swiftly he seems to fly when with those who are near and dear to us,—how he lingers when we are far, far away in a distant land, among strangers—strangers to ourselves—strangers to our feelings.—And then Hope, bright cheering Hope, how she flutters around us with her airy wings, and breathes into our soul, in her silvery voice, these musical inspiring words that, lifting our thoughts from the present, bears us gently away into the unseen, the unknown future. How many paths do we mark out from the line of destiny which we are destined never to travel. How many fabrics do we build on Hope's silken promises, which coming time shows us were but as "airy nothings." How many beautiful scenes do we behold in the distance, which, as we reach, we find are rough and sterile. How many lofty aspirations do we start with in the dawn of life, which we forget in riper years, or find they were but the idle sooth-sayings of Hope. How many marks, when listening to her enchanting tones, do we put upon the lists of Fame, which, in after years, we find were drawn in the fading ink of fancy. Time, truth-telling Time, o'erturns the pages of his ponderous book and shows us all.

Such, or similar, were the thoughts of Lawrence Granby, as he sat alone in a small studio, situate on one of the principal thoroughfares of old Philadelphia. Two months have glided on, to the silent past, since last we saw him, and we now find him entering upon the trying career of an artist.

With a vague design of, he scarcely knew what, save of doing something which should make him worthy of the hand of Hellenas Ashton, he had sought one of the head quarters of the literary world—with Hope whispering to him, "go and fulfil thy destiny."

And what was that destiny? At first he saw it through the medium of imagination, and the picture was brightly drawn. He saw it in the distance, and Hope whispered it was high—that the high-road to fame was paved with flowers. Alas! that old stern Reality should pay no heed to the ardent dreamer's longings; but he is no flatterer, he ever speaks the naked truth.

Without even knowing his own intentions, and, consequently, without having imparted anything of his future course to Hellenas, Lawrence had left Cincinnati—had arrived in Philadelphia. Here—with but little money, without friends, without any design save a vague, mystic something, of brighter days, in the future, running through his mind—he had walked up and down the streets for a long time, vainly endeavoring to settle his thoughts upon his final career. Sometimes he thought he would turn his attention to the study of law; at other times to medicine, or mercantile pursuits—but none of these seemed to fill the longings of his soul.

Passing along Chesnut street one day, he was attracted to a window, by seeing a large crowd collected around it. As he drew near, he saw their eyes were riveted upon a beautiful painting. This seemed at once the "El Dorado of his hopes." He felt his cheeks glow, and his heart throb with new feelings. This was a pursuit to his liking. Yes! he would be an artist; he felt the fire of genius urging him on, while Hope still whispered "fulfil thy destiny!" This was his destiny—his high, aspiring destiny. He had read, in former years, of a Raphael, a Reubens, an Angelo, with feelings almost indescribable. They had wove and bound the garlands of immortality around their brows. Their names had been repeated in glowing terms by sages—had been sung by immortal poets. They had erected for themselves, in their works, monuments as enduring as time itself. Could he not reap a like reward? His soul grew joyful at the thought. He seemed another being. His course through life was now marked out. A Providence had pointed and directed him to it, and he turned away with feelings better imagined than described.

A few days, and he had selected his studio—had rented the apartment—had purchased his canvass and materials, and had entered it with glowing thoughts—with Hope still whispering "fulfil thy destiny." Alas! how many have entered with like feelings; how many have sunk with despair; when they saw the rugged, slippery hill of Fame, with years of toil marked upon it, suddenly loom before them; how few have ever ascended it, and plucked, from its uppermost point, the green, unfading garlands that could bind their brows, and bid them laugh at death!—Few, few indeed.

But Lawrence was one not easily disheartened; he knew he had obstacles to overcome, and he nerved his soul for the important crisis. He expected adversity—was ready to grapple with it. He prepared his easel, his colors, his canvass—he seized his pencil—he touched it upon it—and then, for the first time, his heart seemed to die within him. Hope seemed to take wings, while dark Despair seemed hovering around.—He was not wholly ignorant of his business, for previously, in his leisure hours, he had learned to draw for amusement, and had received many flattering compliments for his skill and accuracy; yet never before had he touched pencil to canvass.—But his despondency was of short duration; and with the thought of the beautiful Hellenas, and the future, he went to work in earnest.

His first effort had been in copying, and so well had he succeeded, that when having finished, he gazed upon his first pro-

duction, it was with rapture; for he had astonished even himself. Nor was this a singular nor a single case; for men of genius rarely know their powers until they have put them to the test; and they as often astonish themselves, as they do others.

Genius with genius begets sympathy, and respect; and the man who lays claim to this soul-ennobling quality, and yet fears a rival, may have his claims doubted with impunity. — For, with us, it is a matter of serious belief, that true genius never fears a rival; and that when two persons, possessing the latter qualification meet, they at once, as 'twere by instinct, feel themselves to be not only kindred spirits, but friends. It is only those who set themselves up for what, in fact, they do not possess, who have any fears of being outshone by others.

Thus, but a short space of time sufficed to bring Lawrence Granby into social communion with those whose talents, as artists, had already placed them on the path to high renown and fame; and, acting like MEN, they took him by the hand, and cheered him on—pointed out his beauties and defects, and rendered him all the assistance in their power. He needed but this, for with a natural taste and talent for painting, he at once felt its noble inspirations, and entered deeply into its poetic teachings. Thus day succeeded day, and each found him studiously employed; and in each he found himself developing new points of beauty, in his profession, while new ideas were awakening in his soul; and every day he grew more and more passionately fond of his new vocation.

But, however much he might feed his mental faculties, with lofty thoughts—his physical must be supported by food of a different nature; and he soon began to perceive it was one thing to make calculations, and another to carry them out; that it was one thing to be an artist, and another to support himself by the profession. His funds were running low, and yet he had no calls, that would in a pecuniary point of view, assist him. Day after day had dawned—day after day had closed; yet each had found, and left him in the same position—save what little had been added to his storehouse of knowledge, or had been reduced in his worldly circumstances.

At last he began to despair; the dark side of the picture was forcing itself upon him; his glorious visions began to fade, and he began to perceive his fancied pathway to fame and fortune, instead of flowers, was to be strewn with thorns.

It is a terrible thing to see our brightest visions fade, and to feel that our fondest hopes and aspirations must be crushed; it is terrible to all; but it is doubly so to the man of genius—for he is doubly sensitive to the almost overwhelming truth. Few can bear up against, many sink, completely overpowered, beneath the blow. His darkest hour of trial is the one that we have chosen wherein to bring our hero again before the reader.

It was a beautiful morning, toward the latter end of August, and Lawrence was seated in his studio, with a pale cheek, and dejected mien. The room wherein he sat was small, and not unlike others of a similar profession. Brushes, colors, and other implements were scattered negligently about the apartment. Against the walls were resting several paintings, while one occupied the easel, which was standing in the centre of the room, on which Lawrence was gazing with a sad, almost mournful expression of countenance.

It was a life-like likeness of the artist's betrothed—the beautiful Hellenia Ashton—painted from memory—his last production, and evidently but just finished, for the palette and pencils were still resting in his hand.

Without, every thing looked beautiful, and the sun shone down in soft unclouded splendor. The windows being open, a cooling breeze poured gently in, bringing with it the busy joyous hum of the thronged city; yet with it were awakened no joyous thoughts in the heart of Lawrence; no secret smile was stealing over his features—but all there was dark with the gloom of despondency.

"Alas!" said he, in a heart touching voice, "my happy visions of the future must close—close forever. I feel the terrible truth forcing itself upon me. O, Hellenia, were it not for thee, dear one, methinks I could almost be tempted to clip this brittle thread of life, and leap into the dark, mystical Beyond. But no! no! I will not despair—I will still struggle on; ay, struggle against hope itself. Methinks I can see your gentle eyes, beaming from the canvass, a welcome smile of encouragement; ay, and that shall support me in this trying hour. Hark! some one comes! there is footsteps on the stairs—they approach—there is two—nearer—nearer still—perchance—but no, the thought is too bright—ha! tis so—they rap!"

At this instant a slight tap was heard at the door; and, laying aside the articles he held in his hand, Lawrence imme-

diately proceeded to, and opened it, admitting the figure of a gentleman, accompanied by a lady, both of whom were plainly but richly dressed. The former was a man some forty-five years of age, rather corpulent, with a large full face, gray eyes, with rather a pleasant expression of countenance. The features of the latter, at first, were screened by a veil, which she immediately threw off, exhibiting, to the astonishment of Granby, one of the most lovely countenances he had ever beheld.

Her age was, probably, about eighteen—with a form like a Hebe. Her complexion was fair, with cheeks slightly tinged with the rose. Her features were of the Grecian cast, delicately chiseled, and were expressive of all that is gentle and lovely in woman. Her eyes were of dark gray—full—and seemed but the mirrors of a soul, where every thought was pure and holy. Her forehead was high and broad, indicative of a person of no ordinary intellect. Her hair was slightly auburn, and fell, in shining ringlets, around an alabaster neck of beautiful symmetry. Her mouth was also beautiful—with rosy lips—slightly pouting—screening, save when she spoke, an enviable row of teeth. Over her otherwise lovely features, nature in her profusion, had thrown one of those calm, heavenly smiles which are indescribable, and which, whenever seen, force their way at once to the heart. Lawrence, as for an instant his eyes met hers, felt his blood quicken, and his features flush—while feelings rushed over him, the import and cause of which, he was unable to divine. Perhaps the lady felt a like feeling, for her cheeks also flushed, and modestly dropping her eyes, she turned away her head, seemingly much embarrassed.

"Is this the studio of Mr. Granby?" asked the gentleman, in a mild, pleasing tone of voice.

"That is my name, sir," said Lawrence, modestly.

"I suppose you paint portraits, at least I have heard so; ah! yes," continued he, as his eye caught the likeness of Hellenia, resting on the easel. "Beautiful, beautiful, is it not Olivia? Look! that mouth—that hair—those eyes—how natural—they almost seem endowed with life. Is it not beautiful, my daughter?"

"It is," answered Olivia, in a musical voice, with an animated expression, that told she meant what she said.

Lawrence Granby's heart beat rapidly; it seemed to him like a dream—a wild, joyful dream.

"Who is that lady—may I ask?"

"Her name is Hellenia Ashton"—replied Lawrence, rather confusedly—for his feelings almost overpowered him. It was the first inward working of praise on genius. It was the sudden transition from despondency to hope.

"Is she a resident of this city?"

"Of Cincinnati, sir."

"Has she left town?"

"She was never here, that I am aware of."

"But I thought this was lately finished!"

"The last touchings were given it this morning, sir."

"Ah! then, I suppose it was nearly completed in Cincinnati, before you came to this city?"

"Again in error; it was wholly painted in Philadelphia."

"Then you must understand your business well, to paint such a likeness from a drawing."

"Still in error, sir."

"How! no drawing! I pray you explain."

"It was painted from memory."

"Indeed; then is the image of the lady engraved upon your heart; and he turned his eyes full upon the artist, with an enquiring look.

The flush mantled the features of Lawrence, and he seemed much embarrassed; for, he rightly judged, the other had divined his secret. His embarrassment was not lessened as he caught the eye of Olivia, also, fastened intently upon him, with an earnest gaze, that seemed to penetrate his very soul—while a sudden thrill—like an electric spark—ran through his frame. As his eye caught hers, however, she turned quickly away, and walked to the window.

"What is the matter, Olivia, my child?" asked her father, anxiously, as he noticed this sudden movement; and he walked directly to her. "Methinks you look pale, daughter; are you unwell?"

"I—I—the room is very warm," stammered she, reddening.

"It is warm; perhaps we had better retire, and call again another time."

"No—no—I am better now."

"Will you not take some water?" asked Lawrence, pouring some into a tumbler, and reaching it to her.

"Thank you," said she, slightly inclining her head, as she took the glass—without once meeting his gaze. Lawrence noticed her somewhat singular manner, but supposing it pro-

ceeded from excessive modesty, or bashful timidity, thought little or nothing of it. Not so, however, with her father—who appeared very anxious to know the cause whence it proceeded; but finding he was likely to be baffled—that it was nothing serious—and that she was regaining her wonted color, and composure—he turned to Lawrence, and said—

"From what I have seen of your productions, I must say I have formed a very favorable opinion of you, as an artist."

"I feel highly flattered, sir, with the compliment."

"How long since you first engaged in this profession?"

"It falls a little short of two months."

"How! two months, say you?" exclaimed the other, in astonishment—"an artist in two months—and paint like that?" pointing toward the easel. "I beg your pardon—I do not mean to doubt your word, sir; but it seems almost incredible."

"Such, sir, is the truth."

"Then let me tell you, young man, that you bid fair to arrive at the acme of the profession."

"Such were my hopes, once, sir; but latterly, I have doubted my own abilities for its attainment."

"True genius, Mr. Granby, ever doubts. Those who do not doubt themselves—who think they know all from the start—rarely ever learn more; rarely ever—or, in fact, I may say never possess genius; and live a life of self consequence, and die without leaving behind them a single tithe for posterity."

"I fear you flatter me, too highly."

"No! Mr. Granby, I am the last one to flatter; I never speak but the sentiments of my heart. But to the point. Are you crowded with business?"

"At present I am not"—replied Lawrence, coloring, as he thought of his previously gloomy prospects.

"I wish a likeness taken of my daughter, Olivia."

"If you think me capable, I shall be but too happy," said Lawrence with emotion.

"Then I shall consider the matter settled. In two weeks she will be here, for her first sitting. At present we are about leaving town, on a party of pleasure, and will not, probably, return much before that time. By the way, however, as you may find a little money not amiss, here is a check for fifty dollars; the remainder I will pay you when the painting is finished," as he spoke, he selected one from a roll of papers, and handed it to Lawrence.

Lawrence, as he took it, blushed deeply; and for some time his feelings so overpowered him, he was unable to speak. At length, he stammered out—

"Really, sir, I—I—that is!"

"Nay, Mr. Granby," said the other, perceiving the drift of his thoughts, and coming at once to his aid—"no objections, sir; it is my manner of doing business. I ever make it a point, to pay a part in advance."

"But, sir, this is the full amount."

"Of that, Mr. Granby, we will speak another time. At present, as we have several calls to make, we shall be under the necessity of bidding you good morning. There is my card, sir," continued he, extending one to Lawrence—"I shall be happy to see you at my residence, at any time you may feel disposed to call; and, if you like, to consider it your home."

Ere Lawrence had time for reply, the gentleman, with a gracious bow, had left the apartment—followed by Olivia. The latter on the point of leaving, turned—inclined her head slightly—raised her eyes, for an instant, to those of Lawrence—and disappeared.

Lawrence, for some moments, stood as if spell-bound. What was there in that last look of Olivia, that could, with such almost resistless power, enchain him? He asked himself the question; he was unable to give himself the answer. There was an indescribable something about it, that he not only saw, but FELT; it seemed impressed—ay, engraved upon his very soul. And this was the lady that was to sit before him, while he wrought her image upon the canvass! He trembled as he thought of it. He almost wished he had refused—and yet, there seemed a secret pleasure in thinking of her fair, sweet features, o'er-spread by that heavenly smile. But who was she? He looked at the card—he started, as he beheld the name—he looked on the check—it bore the same; it was Oliver Morrison—the richest Banker in Philadelphia. And he had invited him to call at his house, to make it his home! He, the poor humble artist! And he was to paint the likeness of his daughter, his beautiful daughter! The thought thrilled him, until his blood seemed molten lava, so hotly it coursed through his veins. Why had he selected him, in preference to all others? In preference to men, whose fame, as artists, were already known to the world? It seemed like a chaotic dream—it was, to him, inexplicable. And then the eyes of Olivia; he could not forget those eyes—that look—until his own rested on the likeness of Hellenia Ashton; and then—and

then—what strange wild feelings were stirring in his heart! She would soon be his—he was already on the pathway to fame, and fortune!

And leaving him, to his meditations, we again turn to another scene.

(TO BE CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

FOR THE CASKET. SIMPLICITY OF LIFE.

BY L. A. HINE.

The reformer is abroad with his theories for the advancement of human happiness. We also have a theory which we believe much simpler, and can be more easily carried into practice than any other. It does not propose to overthrow any of the existing institutions of society, or work any material changes in the present order of business. It is readily comprehended, and commends itself to the good sense of every one. This theory SIMPLY is, SIMPLICITY OF LIFE. Curl not the lip at this, reader, for be assured it is a desideratum. It is merely a word, but then, it is a word of much import.

Do you ask what this plan of reform can accomplish? We answer, EVERY THING. Is not the Earth fruitful—and is not nature faithful in supplying adequate means for the highest enjoyment of every human being? Most certainly:—Then why are not all well supplied, intelligent, virtuous and happy? Because a natural simplicity does not prevail in the manners, customs and fashions of life. Extravagance abounds: the old practice it, and the young emulate each other in the sensual gratifications of the palate and the gaudy display of the person. Behold that young man;—if he would attend to his highest interests he would obtain a thorough education, cherish a love for the sciences, and cultivate a taste for literature and art. But he is in the society of his friends, and THINKS he must conform to the fashions and extravagances of the times, to be respected and received into fellowship. The result is, that all his income is wasted upon vanity and nothingness, and he finds himself in maturer years without means of true enjoyment, either intellectual, moral or sensual. Sad and pitiable condition for any human being! The most he has acquired are habits of prodigality, tastes which must be gratified or torture with craving, degrading views of humanity in general, and a peevish, squeamish disposition toward others. Noble acquisitions truly for one who might have grown up a MAN, in every sense of the word! He is thus doomed to plod his way through the world with an empty head, emptier heart, and a batch of degrading follies.

Behold that young lady too—one who, with true Simplicity, would be almost an angel—or, at least, one whom angels would gladly stoop down and salute! She is bound in the galling chains of fashion and vanity—appreciates not the importance of developing her mind and spirit, of conforming her disposition to the Good and the Beautiful—but passionately fond of show, she spends one half her time in preparing to show herself the other half. She comes up desiring Simplicity, and hardly fit for a piece of parlor furniture. Her form is desperately twisted out of all nature—her cheeks are pale except when subjected to the life giving power of ROUGE, and instead of being qualified for the enjoyment of TRUE life, and leading to all about, the radiance of her knowledge, the illumination of her spirit and the light of her smiles, she is fretful and always displeased; she can barely be satisfied except with an ample fortune at command to expend in folly,—and thus all the delights of life are embittered.

If there were any apology for this utter want of Simplicity, the extravagances of life would not appear so reprehensible. But it leads to no good—secures no benefit whatever,—it is rather productive of evil, and that continually. The purse is emptied—the mind debased, and the heart corrupted. Man, instead of living in the enjoyment of the pleasures of a cultivated strength, a well stored mind and an exalted morality, is blind to the beauties that surround him, deaf to the deep-toned harmonies of the Universe, and dead to those susceptibilities and emotions which transport us with delight by their harmony with every inspiring scene of nature around us. He lives, a slave to appetite rather than a loyal subject to his superior nature.

Let not the sickly and false excuse for ignorance be longer rendered, viz: want of time and money. Simplicity of life will give all an ample fortune. No matter what our income is, whether it be what is termed lucrative or not; the lowest salary can and should be made lucrative. All should live within their means, and still enjoy all truly intellectual and physical gratifications.

Simplicity is the beautiful order of nature. Go where you will, and nothing like extravagance or gaudy vanity, can be

observed to mar the scenery of creation. The laws of God which govern the physical world are simple, as also the laws of revelation which govern the moral. Where is this quality more thoroughly manifested, than in the life of him who united humanity with Divinity, and taught mankind the highway to the skies!

Simplicity should be made a matter of religious observance. Nothing is so essential to growth in all the graces that can adorn the human character. Keep the mind above the sensuality that abounds, and it will make daily progress in righteousness of life. The vanities of fashion and the trappings of pride would be despised, and its whole aspiration would be toward the True, the Beautiful and the Good! Who could not rejoice in the advent of such a happy and heavenly condition!

The rich should practice Simplicity as well as the poor, because it would equally promote their good. The rich have the power of introducing such manners and customs as they please, and of banishing whatever may meet their frown. They are guilty of the prodigality and fashionable follies that abound.

There is no need of being poor, ignorant and wretched. Only obey the dictates of the mind, instead of the impulses of vitiated tastes—look aloft as an intelligent, spiritual being, rather than below as a grovelling sensualist, and all would be rich, especially in knowledge and true enjoyment. Expend nothing upon luxuries, for they are unavailing and impoverishing. They do not administer the vigor and strength derived from simple food. They are expensive and gratify only acquired tastes. They are not natural to the appetite, for all the laws of nature despise them as nauseating and poisonous.

But instead of acquiring and cultivating tastes for science, literature and art, how large a portion of mankind neglect these and all that is ennobling, and devote themselves, soul and body, to the gratification of vitiated appetites! How insignificant and contemptible is such a course! More eat, than think—more become the slaves of the passions than true devotees of the divinity of their nature.

The remedy is REFORM—abstinence from costly diet and luxuries—denial of false tastes and degrading lusts—and the observance of natural simplicity. This done, and the means speedily become abundant for all noble purposes.

Let no one think that this course will make their pleasures less. No—they will be infinitely increased. Eating and drinking beyond the simple wants of our nature, are pleasurable but for a moment; while thinking and studying creation as developed in the sciences, affords a constant, increasing and more exalted delight, profit, and enjoyment. He who pursues the great ends of his being desires to simplify his mode of living, as one of the best means of promoting mutual advancement.

All that is necessary to carry out this reform, is a little firmness and courage. The fact is, we may talk as much about our bravery as we will, we are nothing less than moral cowards. A man trembles as he goes into a field of battle and runs when the bullets begin to whistle about his head:—We call such a man a coward,—but he who trembles when entering the field of warfare against his vices, that a glorious victory may be achieved in behalf of his moral and intellectual dignity, is a more despicable coward, and a traitor to himself and his destiny.

FOR THE CASKET. HOME.

Home, what emotions this word arouses in the human heart! To the sojourner in distant lands it calls up, from memory's depths, visions of joy and gladness, hope and sorrow. Once more he revisits, in fancy, the scene of his former happiness, when, in the innocence of childhood, he roamed his native hills and dales, as free from care, as the wild bird's song is of sorrowing.

Oh! who has not felt his heart sinking within him, when his native place was receding—when all was lost to view, save the green hills, which loomed in the distance, seemingly, to remind him of the joys he was leaving?

Love of home is one of the elements of human happiness; and he who respects not its sacred associations, hath no joy in him. It comprehends the graves of our fathers, the old family residence, around whose moss-grown walls there lingers the spirit and customs of other days. These, and a thousand other recollections, hallowed by the memory of those we loved, with all the purity of early affections, occur in after life to wean us from the world's wicked ways.

When this feeling is at its acme it becomes what is termed patriotism; it then embraces the whole country—her inter-

ests, dangers, glory and prosperity. It identifies itself individually with her citizens, and such is its intensity, that time, place, nor distance can scarcely annihilate it. The exile, though he may innocently suffer—though aggravation may have accumulated almost beyond the capability of human endurance—yet, when he sees the flag of his country waving in the breeze—the flag that is wafted from the land of his banishment—his heart seems to run wild with joy; and wherefore is it? The national emblem has revived the patriotism of his soul! He remembers of listening, in the days of his youth, to the gray-haired patriot, while relating the heroic deeds and noble daring of those who rallied around his country's standard—of the protracted siege, and the many days of unceasing toil, fatigue and danger—borne with fortitude, until the flag of his country waved in triumph over the prostrate foe. The pirate whose hands are red with blood, who has seen beneath him the vast expanse of ocean, who has listened, unmoved, to the wild spirit of its storms, when its waters were struggling, as 'twere, to reach the clouds—who has seen it spread out before him smooth as an unbroken mirror—far as the eye could reach, its surface undisturbed by a rippling wave—who has seen it in all the grandeur which could impress him with the power of an Almighty hand, and gazed on it without one emotion, has yet felt the chords of his heart vibrate when touched with the love of country, and of home; and he, the blood-thirsty, the hard-hearted, has wept, that he dared not again revisit his father land.

The invalid who would go forth to some far off land—the climate, and natural facilities of which promise restoration of health—it may be to Italy with her fair sky, mild breezes, gorgeous sunsets, and ruins which even the “corroding tooth of time” has permitted to transmit, in part, the glories and greatness of her ancient people, would feel—should hope—become extinct—these were as nothing. The cold azure sky of his northern home would be to him more beautiful than the soft, deep blue of Italy; the howling of its mountain winds more melodious than the sweet strains of the evening breeze, as it coursed its way through bush and grove, freighted with the cool air of her mountain tops, and scented with odors from her luxuriant plains; and if, with a christian's faith, he could look up through the portals of Heaven and know, in truth, his name written in the book of life, he would still ask that he might stand upon the soil of his native land—view his early home, and sleep the sleep of death in the burying ground of his fathers. Such is the tenacity of early affections.

ALMONTE.

BEAUTY.

There is something in beauty, whether it dwells in the human face, in the pencilled leaves of flowers, the sparkling surface of a fountain, or that aspect which genius breathes over its statue, that makes us mourn its ruin. I should not envy that man his feelings, who could see a leaf wither, or a flower fall without some sentiment of regret. This tender interest in the beauty and frailty of things around us, is only a slight tribute of becoming grief and affection, for nature, in our adversities, never deserts us. She even comes more nearly to us in our sorrows, and leading us away from the paths of disappointment and pain into her soothing recesses, allays the anguish of our bleeding hearts, binds up the wounds that have afflicted, whispers the meek pledges of a better hope, and, in harmony with a spirit of still holier birth, points to that home where decay and death can never come.

A GOOD THOUGHT.

Always place it upon paper, when you have one. That thought, like the scattered seed, will not be lost. Good men may repent it, years after you are in heaven. It may strengthen resolution in thousands—thousands of minds it may influence. Truth is never lost. Good thoughts are as indestructible as our eternal hills. Husband them with care—write them out—print them—and they will never die.

Men are born with TWO eyes, but with ONE tongue in order that they should see twice as much as they say; but, from their conduct one would suppose that they were born with two tongues, and one eye; for those talk the most, who have observed the least, and obtrude their remarks upon every thing, who have seen INTO nothing.

Some read to think, these are rare; some to write, these are common; and some read to talk, and these form the great majority. The first page of an author not unfrequently suffices all the purposes of this latter class, of whom it has been said, they treat books as some do lords; they inform themselves of their TITLES, and then boast of an intimate acquaintance.

Random Sketches.

FOR THE CASKET.

BORN TO LUCK.

BY R. ST. JAMES FRY.

A short yarn, wherein Hugh O'Flannigan relates to Murphy Connover how he became a Major, and his Son Jonny, a doctor.

"An' is it sich a doctrine as that, ye'd be afther havin' me belave? Shure and its a hathen ye are, Murphy, for your ould Mither niver taught ye sich; an' be me soul, Murphy, ye are a blackguard to belave that stars an' sich like things, make a man luck or no. Did the praiste, or did the schoolmaster tell ye sich nonsense; far better ye'd be sayin' ye'r prayers than list'nin' to sich a blackguard. Ye're an infidil, Murphy, an, the miny tears ye're ould Mither shid are nothin' at a'!"

"An' ye'd have ME to belave that a lucky star was shinin' in the sky, whin I was born? Now divil the bit o'a star was there a shinin' at a'. Did ye niver hear me ould god-mither say, that it was broad day light whin I was born, an' the sun was a shinin' as beautiful in Kilkarney as if it was summer. Now bad luck to ye, Murphy, for a hathen; niver let me be afther hearin' ye say the likes agin, or I'll be givin' ye a skelp over the head with my shillalah, ye dirty blackguard!"

"Hugh," said me ould mither to me whin I was goin' to lave ould Ireland, "it's a clever feller ye are, if ye niver forgit all I've larnt ye. The praist blessed all o' us, but ye in particular; an' whin ye go to that blessed land of liberty, niver forgit what ye're ould mither tould ye. Mind ye're own consarns, Hugh, me boy, an' ye'll be afther getthin' rich faster than the pracher who talks to the big people at so much a day."

"An' now Murphy, I'll tell ye how I became so rich, an' ye'll be convinced that the stars that ye'd be afther callin' Mars and Jupithur, had nothin' at a' to do with it. An' I've heard my son Jonny, the docthur, say, a bad feller that ould chap was, ye'd be callin' Jupithur; an' he kipt an agle to fitch 'im thunder an' lightnin' to kill the poor devils on this airth. Now, don't ye see, Murphy, that's a hathenish docthrin—the whole o' its blarney from head to tail.

"But I'll tell ye all about it, me boy. Ye see one day whin it was rainin', because I couldnt loan an umbrella, I took me place under an awnin' forneest a beautiful house right at the corner o' a shreath; an' was keepin' an eye 'pon the rain that was pourin' down at a terrible rate, just thinkin' to meself, that I'd lose a job o' scrapin' off the dusth, whin all o'a suddin, there's a racket, an' up the shreath come runnin' a horse an' waggon; an' right in the shreath before me was a beautiful woman and a little boy, 'bout as big as a log o' wood. Shure they'll be run over and kilt, says I to meself, an' jumped to pick them out o' the way. 'Go it Pat,' said some blackguards, just as if an Irishman wasnt as good as themselves. I picked them up clane off the ground, just as nate as ye iver seen the thing done in ye're life; but's a woful skelp that I got on me lift hael, for not takin' it out o' the horses' road—bad luck to 'em!"

"Just as shure as ye're a livin' man, Murphy, the beautiful chrature would be afther kissin' me right before all the jintlemen; an' a swate kiss it was, Murphy, as iny jintleman iver had since he was born; an' if I hadnt been a bashful chrature, I'd taken another one; but I didnt know a bit of what's good for me, no more than a fool; an' thin whin she kissed me, she fainted away till her rosy cheek was as white as ye're shirt collar, barrin' the bit o' paint on her face, an' the dirt on ye're collar.

"She fainted away, Murphy; an' do ye know its a foolish matter, the way these wimen faint. Ye see, they niver commence till all the danger's over. Shure, an' its meself that 'ud be afther tossin' up me ould hat, an' singin' out, 'hurrah for Saint Patrick, and the land that he kim from, not forgitin' the lake o' Kilkarney!' but whin she came to agin, she made me say I'd come to her house the next day, an' take a bit o' dinner.

"Nixt mornin' I put on me beautiful green pantaloons an' the nate blue coat I'd in ould Ireland, to walk about 'till twelve o'clock, d'ye see; for thin it was, I's to come to their house. Well, I took Jonny, me son, that's the docthur now, for Mary had washed his face, an' he look'd as clane as inybody's son, an' off we started. I found the place, an' rang the little bell as politely as a lady with gloves on; an' one o' the ugliest nagers that ye iver see, came to the door bowin' an' scrapin', as, if he didnt know nothin' more nor a fool—which he was—an' axed us to stip into the parlor, an' massa

an' missus would be in to see us in a minute. An' thin he grinned an' showed his white teeth just as if we were wild animals, or Thurks from anither part o' the world, that they niver heard of afore; an' I was just goin' to hilp 'im out wid me fist, whin in come the lady an' her little boy, an' a man that was her husband.

"Said she, 'here's the good man that saved my life, an' our boy's; you must thank him for me.'

"I'll be afther excusin' ye that," says I, "for divil the bit o'a good man am I, although me mither was before me; but I'm no more like her, thin a bird is like a frog. I'm a poor chap that's come from Ireland, an' works in the shtrates whin it dont rain; an' whin it does rain, does nothin' except what I can git to do, to kape me family from starvin'. An' as for me a savin' the lady's life, shure somebody else would ha' done it, which is all the same, except in a few particulars. But the man got me by the hand an' said I was a fine fellow, an' the lady kissed Jonny, an' said he'd beautiful blue eyes, an' whin he came a man he'd be prisdint o' the United States. If ye'll belave me, Murphy, the man talked to me about an hour, an' made me tell all about ould Ireland, an' how we lived there, an' how I came to this country, an' what I'd been afther doin' the whole time; an' the lady was kissin' Jonny, that's the docthur now, whin all o'a suddin the bell rang for dinner. An' if ye'll belave me, Murphy, the lady took me arm, as if I was a jintleman, an' her husband and we went to dinner.

"Shure an' its ye're githin' in high company, Hugh O'Flannigan, said I to meself, that ye can ate in rich peaples houses, an' be welcome too; an' have a swate lady lookin' in ye're face with her bright eye.

"Och, Murphy, for a poor feller like meself, who had niver eat iny thing for dinner but salt an' praties, except on Sunday whin we had praties, salt an' milk, if we could git it, to see a table o' the likes o' that, was a blissid sight, like a strake o' sunshine in the land o' Orleans, whin its been rainin' for a month shtrait ahead, without stoppin' a bit. An' it wasnt sich folks as them that would be afther starvin' the poor people; for, shure, ivery minit they were sayin' to me, 'make ye'rself at home,' an' fillin' up me plate with mate an' vejitables, till I thought they'd make me ate ivery thing on the table an' lave nothin' for to-morrow. Afther they made me ate all that I could, we went back to the room that we was in first, which was nixt to the hall, ye know, an' that was nixt to the shreath. He tould me o' a dacent little farm that he owned a pace out in the country, an' tould me that I must move on't, rint free, till I could save enough money to buy it at half price of what 'twas worth.

"Thin he looked at Jonny an' said he must make a jintleman o' him; so he wint home wi' me an' coaxed Mary till she gave up; an' he wint next day to live with him. An' shure enough, two days afther, whin I met 'im in the shreath, he was so dressed up, so nate an' finely, ye'd thought he was the son of a jintleman, shure enough, and not the son o' a poor Irishman that claned the shreaths.

"He sint Jonny to school ivery day with his own son, an' the first thing that I knew he was a regular Docthur, killin' people an' makin' money as fast as the best o' them. He's hard, to bate as a docthur, Murphy, an' if ye'd only a seen 'im bring a dead man to life; whin he had committed suicide by jumpin' off a boat; by roll'n him over a barrel—or seen him steady a feller that had the shakin' fits, ye'd be afther writin' back to ould Ireland for ye'r mither to come to Amerika an' git cured o' the rumatis'n, that she's had iver since she's a baby like my son Mike, that's no more nor ten years ould if he live till two days afther the fourth o' July.

"But I havnt tould ye how I became a Major yet, an' that's the most beautiful part o' this story, that's no story at a', but thure as Saint Patrick was born in ould Ireland.

"Afther we had moved to the farm, which was the swatest place in the world, with a beautiful log cabin an' stable, an' a cow an' pigs, with a pache an' apple orchard, I begun to git rich as fast as iny body, an' felt like a citizen o' the United States. Election day had come about, an' d'ye see, Murphy, they made me a citizen for a dollar an' a half; naturalized me as they call it, an' I was as good as the best o' them. Well, as I was sayin', I went to the polls to give in my vote, an' have a bit o' fun; whin up comes a chap with a pace o' paper in 'is hand all covered with coffins an' readin'; says he 'hurrah for Clay!' Thin comes anither chap with anither paper in 'is hand, with one man shootin' anither just like as if he's a bird an' sung out, 'hurrah for Jackson!' An' they had flags an' hick'ry brooms, an' ivery thing ye'd think of.

"They all crowded 'round me wantin' to know 'what ticket I'd vote?' 'The right one,' said I, whin ivery one swore

that his was the right one. Murphy, me boy, these politicians are a bad set o' boys, an' I'd advise ye to keep clear o' them. They kipt crowdin' round me an' askin' 'what ticket I'd vote?'

"Be aisy jintlemen, said I, be aisy, d'ye think that Hugh O'Flannigan is sich a blackguard that he's got no money to buy his own liquor with. It's meself that can thrate meself an' vote just as I likes, axin' nobody at a' at a'?"

"Thin they began to be aisy, for they found out the chap they'd got hold of was naither as green as a pumpkin or soft as a squash. So we went altogether to the tavern, an' says I, 'jintlemen walk all o' ye an' have some o' to drink, if ye please. It makes no difference if ye be a Clay man or a Jackson man, lit's drink a round to the country that we're in, an' that ye call Amerika.' They all walked up, for ye must know, Murphy, that ye have only to ax 'em once. Well, we thrated like good fellows, an' thin wint to the polls in good spirits just for peace or a row, whichever came first in a toss of coppers. I got a ticket an' walked up; says the man, called a judge,—"where's ye'r papers?" So I pull'd 'em out, an' he said all was right, thin took me ticket an' put it in a box. Hurrah for Amerika! says I, an' the whole crowd sung out 'hurrah for Hugh O'Flannigan!' Jintlemen, says I, here's again, 'Hurrah for Amerika, that's the best country in the world except ould Ireland, an' shure it would be as good, if not a little bether, if it was in the same place an' they made the same kind o' whisky!' Thin we wint an' thrated agin, an' had a nice bit o' a row that didn't hurt inybody at all.

"Ye'll be at the musther nixt week, Mr. O'Flannigan," said about a hundred o' them, 'we'll have a bit o' rare sport, an' we're 'bout to elect a Major for the rigimint.' 'An' it's meself that'll be with ye,' said I, 'for whin I was in ould Ireland I could handle a gun as fast as iny o' ye, savin' the general that's standin' here, who I niver saw afore to-day.'

"It's the bar-keeper's thrate," said a chap, an' we'll take anither drink an' thin go peaceably to our homes like jintlemen that's done an honor to their country whin she's in a bad situation. Thin we all took anither wee drap o' the crathur, an' I got on my horse an' started for home.

"This was on Winsday, an' the nixt Tuesday was to be the malisha musther, as they call 'em. So, ye see Murphy, I puts on me best Sunday dress, an' mountin' on me ould gray nag, set off to see the musther; an' it was a grand sight. Ye've been to a fare in Kilkarney afore now, an' have an idea o' a row whin it's done in a ginteel manner. Well, a milisha musther is nearly equal to a fare in Kilkarney. There was about a hundred chaps come out to learn how to do a bit o' fightin' in case the country needed them, an' if it didn't they'd know how, in yhow, an' 'twould be no loss to 'em. But it wasn't like a turnin' out o' soldiers, me boy, ivery chap brought the kind o' guns to suit himself. Some o' them 'ad ould muskets, an' rifles, an' shot guns, an' some umbrellas an' fince rails.—Think o' that, Murphy, a man goin' to war with a fince rail! An umbrella, barrin' it was made o' the right stuff, would be comfortable in keepin' off the stray shots that's apt to bother a chap in takin' eye-sight; but a fince rail poh! an' some had corn-stalks, which was not as good as nothin' at all, an' brooms, an' ivery thing ye could think o' in a month o' Sundays. An' thin to make it more amusin' the general dont know nothin' about military skirminshin' himself, an' the men do as they likes an' axes no questions, nor dont get court-marshalled at all, an' if ye do get the general mad a bit, ye've only to trate an' he's a better friend to ye thin he was before inything happened.

"Whin I came to the ground they were in a straight line along a crooked fince yaithin' the General's orders; 'good mornin' says I, 'to ye'r honor, if ye please, an' it's a beautiful day it is.' Says he 'Mr. O'Flannigan, it's ye'rself that would make a splendid Major, an' ye'r worthy o' the office. Now, if ye'll thrate the men standin' round two or three times, ye are shure o' the office.

"Shure, an' its meself that's a blockhead, an' knows no more nor a fool about ye're military tactics, except what I've seen in the ould country," said I, just to see what the General thought o' me.

"'An' would ye be afther larnin' all that the books tache, Mr. O'Flannigan,' said he, 'why its meself that knew nothin' at all whin I first commenced, but gave a man five dollars to tache me; an' in a week's time, there's no man nor woman within twenty mile that could hold a candle to me, an' ye can do the like o' that as aisy as meself.'

"'Just as ye likes, general,' says I; for I see that he was determined o' makin' a Major o' me!

"Well, thin he spurs up his horse, an' calls out in a beautiful voice, like a bullfrog, 'attention! jintlemen,' says he; 'Mr. O'Flannigan here's a candidate for your suffrages; he's a first rate chap, he's got lots o' money, an' will stand more

thrate's thin iny man in the county. If iny body's got a word to say agin 'im he'd better be a spakin' it, for afther he's electid, its a misdemeanor; and the man is guilty o' a lickin'. But here's Mr. O'Flannigan, who'll spake a word for himself, if ye please!"

"Gentlemen soldiers, an' feller citizens," said I; 'tis meself that's afore ye, to be electid a Major in ye're army, that's not for makin' war at all; but lives paccable citizens, mindin' ye're own business and lettin' others alone. Gentlemen, I cant make a spache, but its meself that can whip iny man that can make one; which's as good, if not a wee bit better. Now, gentlemen, says I, I want ye all to vote for meself, an' we'll have one o' the most glorious threats ye iver see since ye were no bigger nor me fist. Hurrah for Amerika an' the Snubtown malisha!" says I; an' didn't say nothin' more. But the men, that were soldiers, whirled round their guns, that were broomsticks, an' hurraied for Mr. O'Flannigan.

"Attinshun!" said the Ginerall; 'all o' you men who's in favor of Mr. O'Flannigan being made Major of their regiment, will jist stip out, an' thin go back agin afther ye're counted by the sargint. All o' ye that stip out will have as much o' the creathure as ye want; an' the others wont git none excipt they buy it thimselves."

"Well, ivery mither's son o' thim stipt out, but two chaps that were candidates thimselves; an' so I was elctid unanimously. Thin the ginerall marched thim up to the town, the music playin' "See the Conquerin' Hero comes!" an' I threated ivery mithers son o' thim.

"Now, Murphy, ye've heard all o' it, an' do ye think that the stars had a bit to do wi' it? Not a bit o' it, me boy; ye forgit' all about the stars, an' shove ahead, singin' "

"Shove along—keep movin'!"

"No thanks at a', Murphy; only jist come out to Snubtown an' see me an' the ould woman, an' Murphy I'll till ye of a secret, if ye'll not be afther tellin' inybody, me boy. Ye see the Ginerall's about dyin' an' I'll be afther gittin' his place; an' thin next week I'm goin' to git up a petishun for the Post Office; an' whin I'm Ginerall, an' Postmaster, an' me daughter marries the Squire, its meself that wont be changin' place with the best man in Snubtown!"

"So good-bye, an' good luck to ye, Murphy, me boy; an' dont niver be litten' the stars be makin' a hathen of ye agin, till ye're dead an' buried, an' all ye're relations that were dead afore ye, av' come to ye'r wake."

DISTANCE OF THE STARS.

Who can conceive of the amazing distance of the stars from the earth? The nearest fixed star is sixty millions of millions of miles distant. It would take light, which travels at the rate of two hundred thousand miles a second, nearly ten years to travel from this star to the earth. It would take over a hundred years for the light of the stars we can just discern to reach our globe. But what is the immense distance of the smallest telescopic stars? Inconceivable as it is, it would take twenty-four thousand years for their light to reach the earth. The mind is lost in contemplating the vast distances of the worlds by which we are surrounded.

THE ROSE.

I saw a rose perfect in beauty; it rested gently upon its stalk, and its perfume filled the air. Many stopp'd to gaze upon it and taste its fragrance, and its owner hung over it with delight. I pass'd it again, and behold it was gone—its root had withered—the enclosure which surrounded it was broken. The spoiler had been there, he saw that many admired it, and knew it was dear to him who planted it, and besides it he had no other to love. Yet he snatched it from the hand that cherished it; he wore it on his bosom till it hung its head and faded, and when he saw that its glory had departed, he flung it rudely away. But it left a thorn in his bosom, and vainly did he seek to extract it, for it pierces the spoiler even in his hour of mirth. And when I saw that no man who had loved the beauty of the rose gathered again its scattered leaves or bound up the stalk which the hand of violence had broken, I looked earnestly at the spot where it grew; and my soul received instruction. And I said—Let her who is full of beauty and admiration, sitting like a queen of flowers in majesty among the daughters of women, watch less vanity enter her heart, beguiling her to rest proudly upon slippery places, and be not high minded, but fear.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It's a mistake to suppose that newspapers are printed for amusement, and that printers deem it a compliment when a friend begs half a dozen to send away.

Editor's Department.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, APRIL 29, 1846.

EMERSON BENNETT, EDITOR.

AS THE EDITOR OF THIS PAPER RESIDES IN LAWRENCEBURGH, INDIANA, ALL LETTERS OF BUSINESS, COMMUNICATIONS, &c., (POST PAID) MUST BE DIRECTED TO HIM AT THAT PLACE.

Editors, wishing to exchange with us, will please forward their papers, &c., immediately, to the "CASKET," LAWRENCEBURGH, INDIANA.

OUR PAPER.

Our leading editorial this week has been crowded out, but, we trust, the matter supplying its place will be found sufficiently interesting, to fully satisfy the reader.

We give another fine little poem in this No., from MRS. OLIVER; and we are pleased to state the gem from her in our last, is already going the rounds of the press.

The article from MR. HINE, will be found worthy of attention. "Home" by ALMONTE though on a somewhat hackneyed subject, possesses some good points.

"Born to Luck," by B. ST. JAMES FRY, ESQ., is a laughable sketch, in the real Irish vein. Our readers will doubtless be gratified to learn that arrangements have been effected with this gentleman to furnish us with a series of humorous sketches. Our news this week will be found highly important.

We have several communications on hand which shall be attended to in due time.

QUARTERLY JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

We have received the 2nd No. of this valuable work, edited and published by L. A. HINE, ESQ., Cincinnati, O.—a gentleman whose talents, as a strong vigorous writer, have already made him favorably known, and identified him with the growing literature of the West. We know Mr. Hine personally, (ay more, we count him as one of our best friends,) and we can say to those who do not, that he is in every respect a gentleman, and a scholar; and that he has done more, and labored harder for the promotion and advancement of literature in the West, than any other writer within the scope of our observation. Nor has this been for a pecuniary recompense, but for the love of literature itself; for Mr. Hine has sacrificed both time and money to carry out his good intents. We do not say this from rumor, from guess-work—this we KNOW, from actual observation. We have seen him toiling night and day—we have known him refuse lucrative offers—and, as before said, sacrifice his own immediate funds to accomplish his noble design, of improving his fellow beings in every thing that can elevate their morals, and advance their happiness. This is an undertaking worthy of a noble mind, and Mr. Hine SHOULD be sustained in it by all the lovers of justice. The West, for her own honor SHOULD come forward to his support, and we sincerely hope she will. Mr. Hine's Quarterly is got up in good form; contains 96 pages each, and is published at the astonishing low price of \$1 00 per year—a price that brings it within the reach of all.

The No. before us is fill'd with matter worth, alone, the price of a year's subscription. Its contents are mostly from the pen of the Editor himself. It opens with an article on "Criminal Jurisprudence," and is succeeded by another on the "Obligations of Literary men," both of which are ably written, and seem handled by one who is master of his subjects. Then comes a beautiful poem "To Emelie in Heaven," by Mrs. C. A. Chamberlain—followed by a comparison between the Anglo-Saxon poets "Cædmon and Milton." Geology next occupies a very conspicuous position, in point of usefulness, and is illustrated with twenty-two wood engravings. This in turn is succeeded by "Sergeant Jasper," a poem, the merits of which, reader, (if it has any,) we are too modest to mention. "Association," "Spirit of the Age," review of "Carlyle's Cromwell," and "Human Rights," an article on "Capital Punishment," &c. complete the No.

THE GUEST.

We have received the fourth No. of this semi-monthly publication, and think it will bear good comparison with the first. It is edited by MRS. R. S. NICHOLS, a talented poetess, and published by W. NICHOLS, Cincinnati, O. The No. before us is mostly original, containing, besides its editorials, several original contributions, some of them from well known writers.

ADDRESS OF D. K. ESTE.

Delivered before the Cincinnati Historical Society, at its first annual meeting, Jan. 15th, 1846.

This address contains many fine points, and is valuable for its historical facts, in showing undertakings of a similar kind in the West. The object of this society is "To gather from still living witnesses, and preserve for the future annalist, the important records of the teeming and romantic Past; to seize while yet warm and glowing and inscribe upon the page, which shall be sought hereafter, the bright visions of song, and fair images of story, that gild the gloom and lighten the sorrows of the ever-fleeting PRESENT; to search all history with a steady eye, sound all philosophy with a careful hand, question all experience with a fearless tongue, and thence draw lessons to fit us for, and light to guide us through, the shadowed but unknown future."

Mr. Este, in his address, goes on to show the organization of this society, which was in August, 1844, and the importance, with the advantages which must accrue, not only to the present, but future generations, in collecting facts relating to the history of the West, and preserving them in some suitable place, ere they shall become forever obliterated. He says—"Thus, having made a beginning, let us persevere until we perform our part towards collecting the scattered fragments of early American, and especially of western history; and; at the same time, diligently collect, and carefully preserve, the evidence of recent and passing events. The latter is of more consequence than may, at first, be imagined. For, although a history, especially of great and stirring events, should not be written until time has elapsed to collect, arrange and impartially consider all the facts, their causes, and actual and probable consequences; yet, the evidence of the facts should be noted as they occur, and be preserved for future use. Truth must ever form the basis of history; and every man accustomed to the investigation of truth, knows the advantage of recording facts as they take place. The neglect of this is often fatal. Sometimes the evidence is entirely lost; and if not, who can foresee the effects of carelessness, indifference, frailty of memory, love of exaggeration, and of partial views and prejudices. So much of fact and fable are mingled in ancient, and even in modern history, that, after the most careful inquiry, the mind often remains in doubt and uncertainty."

We would speak farther of the value of this society, did time and space permit. In conclusion we will say, that all individuals, private or public, knowing of, or having in their possession any historical facts, by forwarding the same, or information of them, to A. RANDALL, Librarian, Cincinnati, O., will have them carefully preserved, and persons forwarding them will be remembered in the distributions of the society.

HUNT'S HOTEL, LAWRENCEBURGH, IND.

We would invite our friends, and the public in general, who may chance to pass through Lawrenceburgh, to call at the above named Hotel, and we feel confident they will not go away dissatisfied. Every attention calculated to promote their comfort and convenience, will be paid them, by its gentlemanly and obliging proprietors, Messrs. HUNT & MCGUIRE. We understand the management of this Hotel is about passing into the hands of the latter named gentlemen. No better could have been selected. Mr. MCGUIRE, both privately, and publicly, is a gentleman; and one, too, who is attentive to his business, and who contributes, all that is in his power, to the happiness of those around him. The table is always well furnished, and the charges are moderate. We speak from experience.

THE PRESS.

Our thanks are due to many of the press, for the favorable notices we have, thus far, received from them, and we assure them, and the public, that as far as lies in our power, we shall endeavor to be worthy of their kind words of encouragement. We give one, as a specimen, from the LOUISVILLE DEMOCRAT.

"THE CASKET.—This is the title of a periodical of the literary kind, recently started at Cincinnati, by Mr. Emerson Bennett. The first number was first published on the 15th inst. The pile of papers upon our table has accumulated so rapidly, that this new visitor was unnoticed until yesterday, when we found it really deserving of better treatment. Its contents are almost wholly original, and of more than ordinary merit. Judging from the first number, the Casket DESERVES patronage—we trust it will be sustained. The editor has our best wishes for his success."

Selected.

THE BRIDGE OF THE BETROTHED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF FELICE ROMANI.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAM.

"It is truly a pathetic story, but you should have heard it, as I did, from the lips of the aged Bertha." "And who is she?" I inquired. "She is the mother of the youth about whom you are so curious," replied my host, "and she comes every day to the little chapel, which you see there in the centre of the bridge that spans the torrent. She remains there till night-fall, praying, spinning flax, weeping, and asking charity of every passenger for the soul of poor Lorenzo. He was her only son, and often to those who stop on the bridge to ask the cause of her tears, she repeats the melancholy story. It is now but a few days since her sighs have ceased to mingle with the voice of the waterfall, for she has fallen ill, and the good pastor of the village has caused her to be removed and placed in the care of a charitable person." "But the story," I exclaimed, fearing the long digressions of the landlord, "the story of Lorenzo, and not that of his mother, I am waiting to hear." And he proceeded: "I knew Lorenzo. He was the handsomest youth in all the country round, the most frank and spirited ever born at the Good Fountain."

No one was more expert with the gun, stronger at a wrestling-match, more agile in leaping the precipices, or more nimble at the dance on Sunday evenings in the square, to the music of the bagpipe. And he was not ill-provided with the good things of fortune. That little cottage which you see below, on the side of the mountain, was his, and his the adjacent orchard, and the chestnut grove that shades the left bank of the torrent. In short, he had every thing necessary to happiness, and yet became the most wretched of men. He fell in love with the girl of whom I spoke to you, and from that time there was no peace for him. Agatha, as I told you, was a poor shepherdess, the daughter of a drover in the employ of a rich landholder of Lavagna, but beautiful beyond imagination; her complexion was as white as milk, and glowing as the rose that springs up in the hollows of the cliff. Alas! beauty of person unaccompanied by beauty of soul, is an unhappy gift to him who possesses it, and most fatal to him who yields to its fascinations. The heart of Agatha did not correspond with her face. She was capricious as the vainest BELLE, flattered by every attention and ambitious of elevating her condition. Her only study was to adorn herself in a manner wholly unbecoming her station. She spent hours twining flowers for her hair, and watching her image in the fountain. She sat by the way-side to receive the compliments of the passers, and sung such strains as her mood suggested, in order to display her sweet voice, and see the villagers collect about her to listen. Lorenzo more than all was attracted by her charms. Night and day he roamed about her dwelling. He followed her upon the mountains, among the chestnut woods, and along the border of the river. He wore garlands at every place where she was accustomed to rest during the noon-tide heat in the shadow of the elms. Sometimes he accompanied her rustic ditties with his flageolet; at others he went in search of her stray lambs, and every day placed beside the fountain where she loved to repose, a basket of the choicest fruit the season afforded. Agatha finding herself the object of such tender solicitude, began to turn her thoughts towards Lorenzo. She knew that she was envied by all the peasant girls of the vicinity, and that it was scarcely prudent to let slip so favorable an occasion, and she began to smile upon her young lover. Then was Lorenzo indeed entranced. "What a beautiful pair!" we used to say, as we passed them on their way to mass or to the fair. "What a happy life is before them!" Not so thought Bertha, who from the first saw deeper into things. "My poor son!" she exclaimed, whenever congratulated on Lorenzo's fine prospects; "I would give my life had he been enamoured of another!" And when I inquired, "Good Bertha, will this marriage soon take place?" "Yes, Giulio," she replied, with a sigh, "if it please heaven." Oh! there are in a mother's heart presentiments revealed to no other. Mysterious voices warn her of evil to come, as the atmosphere foretells the tempest to animals by signs which man does not recognize. Master Giulio paused a moment to wipe away a tear, and I was impressed with his feeling manner of speaking. His heart was in his tones, and made them full of simple eloquence. At length he resumed; "Pardon my emotion; it will be justified by what I have to relate. The day was fixed for the marriage,

* A fertile valley of the Genoese territory among the mountains. It contains about thirty-six villages, in which are found the most hardy mountaineers of Liguria.

and the pastor had already once proclaimed the banns, when there arrived at the village a nephew of the rich landholder of Lavagna, who came in consequence of the death of his uncle, to take possession of the estate, to which he was heir. Among the peasantry who collected from all parts of the valley to honor the arrival of the new landlord, was the drover, the father of Agatha, accompanied by his daughter. She was, as I have said, very beautiful when arrayed only in her native graces, but most lovely was she on that day, dressed in her holiday garb, her hair confined by silver bodkins, and her neck adorned with a golden necklace, the gift of Lorenzo. The young heir was captivated by such beauty; he could not keep his eyes from her, and sought by every pretext, to have her near him. He managed that every day she should bring him the milk for breakfast, the butter for dinner, or the cream for supper. Accustomed as he was in the city to all the tricks of the flatterer, the acuteness of Agatha more than matched the arts of the citizen. She manifested a respect towards him, and a modest reserve which made him despair, and replied to every protestation of love, "The poor Agatha is unworthy of your regard." The young man struggled with his desires; he would have given any sum to conquer her coldness but for a moment, and when he learned that she was about to marry Lorenzo, he was ready to die of grief. "And do you love this Lorenzo?" he asked her one day; "do you love him so much that the sighs of your master are of no importance?" "He is my betrothed," she replied, blushing, "I ought not to love any one but my betrothed." "And if I would marry you, Agatha, would you leave your Lorenzo?" "You marry me, signor! it is impossible; you are too rich for me; I am too poor for you; and so saying she left him with a sigh. The young man's passion was so increased by these repulses, that at length it conquered every consideration of wealth and station, and he determined to wed her." "And Lorenzo?" I interrupted. "Lorenzo was ignorant of these proceedings. He had gone to Genoa, where a miller, one of his neighbors, had involved him in a lawsuit, on account of a water-privilege. Law-suits among us are prolonged to a degree quite inconsistent with the relative importance of the question at issue, so that sometimes many months elapse before some trifling difficulty is adjusted. At length a compromise was signed, and Lorenzo returned. He had written to Agatha and Bertha the day and hour when he might be expected. "She will come to me he said joyfully to himself, and almost flew along the road, fancying that in every distant object he beheld Agatha impatiently extending her arms towards him. Arrived at the summit of the mountain from which the village is discernable, he saw the path deserted, and stood still, agitated by a mournful presentiment. The sun was setting, and the evening came on chill and cloudy; it seemed as if the heavens would fain warn him of coming misfortune. A woman appeared slowly approaching, and she came towards the declivity where Lorenzo sat with his head resting on his arm, lost in a painful but vague reverie. It was Bertha. "My mother! and alone!" he murmured. "Where is Agatha?" "Agatha is engaged elsewhere," she replied with a trembling voice. "Elsewhere? How? With whom?" and he rose in astonishment. Poor Bertha fell upon his neck and wept. "Be calm, my son; it is the will of God that these nuptials should not take place." "Heavens! Agatha is dead perhaps?" "Dead—yes—dead to thee."

At that moment, the flash of a cannon appeared in the direction of the village; a bright reflection glowed along the misty atmosphere; the light of a bonfire revealed the little square opposite the church, crowded with people, whose acclamations resounded through the valley. "It is a marriage festival!" exclaimed Lorenzo, with a suffocating voice; "and Agatha!"—"will marry tomorrow the heir of her landlord," sobbed Bertha, straining her son to her bosom. He fell as if struck by a thunderbolt. "Dead!" I cried. "Not dead," replied mine host; "grief does not kill at once. Now it is necessary, Signor," he continued, after a pause longer than the first; "that I should narrate the conclusion of this melancholy tale, after the manner of those authors, whose words flow with spontaneous propriety from the pen, always adapted to the passion, or the fact they describe." "Of such authors," said I, "there are few, Master Giulio, who can lay claim to the merit you speak of; and, at this moment, I would not exchange with one of those few." Master Giulio acknowledged the compliment, and fortifying himself with a glass of wine, proceeded as glibly as one of Walter Scott's landlords translated into Italian. "The morning succeeding that miserable night, at the first glimmering of dawn, as I descended, wrapt in my cloak, from my vineyard on the mountain, flying from the rain which had overtaken me, I encountered Lorenzo slowly walking in an opposite direction, bareheaded,

his hair in disorder, pale as a ghost, and immersed in gloomy thought. It rained torrents, it hailed, it thundered, there was a frightful confusion of the elements. He noticed neither hail, lightning, nor wind, but passed on without perceiving me, or answering my call. He seated himself on a knoll overlooking the valley, motionless, absorbed, his hair and garments dripping with water, like one of the statues placed amid the fountains of a garden. Thence he could see the drover's little cottage, and the path leading to the villa of his rival. Notwithstanding the flood, I stood still, watching him with compassion. I heard a step, and heavy breathing, and turning, beheld Bertha, who had followed, from a distance, the footsteps of her son. She knew me, and made a sign towards Lorenzo, without speaking, but with an air and glance of which I cannot convey an idea. We retired to the shelter of a rock, shaded by a wild pine, intent upon observing the wretched youth. "Good God have pity on my son!" exclaimed the afflicted woman. "Let me not lose the only support of my age, by reason of that wicked girl!" She turned to me, all pale, and tearful, and placing her head on my shoulder, broke forth, "Are not my misgivings verified? O! a mother's presages never deceive." "Take heart," I replied; "the unhappy cannot at once master the force of the first sorrow." "He will sink under it," replied Bertha. "The wound he has received is too deep. What a night, what a terrible night was that of yesterday!—As soon as he recovered from the fainting fit into which the first announcement of Agatha's infidelity had thrown him; he ran to the village like a madman, and I with him. The storm had put an end to the illumination, and extinguished the bonfire. The dances had ceased; the songs were mute. You would have thought that heaven condemned festivities founded upon the despair of a human creature. The people were scattered here and there, and Agatha, leaning on the arm of the complacent landlord, and followed by her father, who could not contain himself for joy, was hastening to the pastor's house, to escape the threatening storm. At that moment, Lorenzo presented himself to her view, pale, wild, and disordered.—"Save me from Lorenzo," she cried, throwing herself into the arms of her new lover. "Save thee from ME, traitress?" exclaimed Lorenzo; "do you then feel remorse for your crime?" "O! save me, save me!" she continued to scream. The crowd pressed around her, the pastor drew near, the people of the rich signor were posted in the midst. Lorenzo was drawn to a distance from Agatha, and the doors of the church closed behind the perjured girl. A few friends conducted my son home, and attempted to comfort him; the good pastor came and reasoned with him. He would hear nothing, he would see no one. He raved, and grew hot, and delirious with fever. All night he remained in this state would not listen to my counsels, nor be moved by my tears. With his arms crossed upon his breast, he paced the chamber with rapid strides, vouchsafing no response to any entreaties, as if it was not his mother who wept and prayed. At length at the approach of day, he rallied. "I must see her once more," said he, "and then let that befall me which heaven destines;" and he suddenly went out. Whilst the good mother thus spoke, the rain ceased; the sun began to irradiate the heavy masses of clouds; the vine dressers came forth to their usual labors, and scattered themselves among the verdant ranges; the shepherds collected their flocks, driving before them the bleating lambs; and new life was diffused through the valley. Lorenzo arose, looked forth, and listened. The church bell announced a festival, and joyful voices at a distance, responded to the call. "There," he cried, so loud that he was heard afar, and began running down the vale. "My son! my son!" exclaimed the mother, hastening after him as fast as she was able; and both were hidden from my sight, by the windings of the path. The bride, at the sound of the bell, left the cottage, accompanied by her father, and a party of neighbors. She was tastefully arrayed, and lovely to behold, but evidently ill at ease. It was obvious that sad auguries were busy in her mind. The path to the church crossed the torrent, but its volume was so increased by the recent storm, that it was necessary to turn aside from the road; and pass the little bridge of wood, suspended above the foaming abyss. Lorenzo had taken his station at the right extremity of the bridge, just as the bridal party reached the opposite end. She gave a cry of surprise at beholding him, and then stood still. Lorenzo fell on his knees and extended his hands towards her. The pastor, and all the company, paused in wonder, and silence. "Hear me! Agatha," said the youth, "hear me for the last time. I still love you. Notwithstanding your treachery, I love you desperately. Are you resolved to carry out your infidelity? tell me, are you resolved?" "Lorenzo!" replied Agatha, with a visible effort, "things have now reached such a pass, that I cannot retrace my steps. We were never

intended for each other.' 'And your promises, O cruel girl your vows? the banns proclaimed at the altar? the ring? MY ring which you still wear upon your finger?' She grew deadly pale at these words, and looking upon her hand, beheld Lorenzo's ring, which, she knew not how, still remained there, and she began to draw it from her finger. 'I return it to you,' said the ungrateful girl with a trembling tone, and she handed it to him. Just then gay voices were heard behind Lorenzo, and in the midst of an applauding crowd, his fortunate rival approached the bridge to meet his bride. 'You have time, you have yet time to repent,' said Lorenzo; 'one word, vouchsafe one word, Agatha, and save me from despair.' 'Agatha,' cried the young signor, stepping upon the bridge, and confounded at the sight of Lorenzo, still on his knees at her feet. Then Agatha took courage. 'Leave me, Lorenzo; it is now too late. Take back your ring,' and she threw it scornfully before him. The ring struck the plank of the bridge, and bounded into the torrent. 'Take it back!' repeated the wicked, heartless creature; and she made a single step to free herself from him. 'Come and take it back with me!' replied Lorenzo, springing to his feet, and with flashing and distended eyes throwing himself upon her. 'Help!' cried Agatha to the pastor and friends who were hastening to her assistance; but in vain: Lorenzo's movements were like lightning. They fell together into the rushing waters! All expedients were fruitless. The furious torrent bore them aloft for an instant, and then closed over and swept them away. The consternation of the villagers was beyond description. No words can paint the mother's anguish. The bodies were found still clasped together, and buried in the same grave, in a lonely spot, without the precincts of the cemetery. The wooden bridge where this tragedy occurred, has since been rebuilt of stone; and upon it was created the little chapel, in memory of the betrothed, and for the peace of their souls. The wretched Bertha, having lost her reason from sorrow, has passed twenty years of misery, relating to the passengers the melancholy fate of her departed son."

We give the following for the benefit of our lady readers:
LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

In eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

PERCIVAL.

Flowers are certainly among the most beautiful productions of nature. They excite a lively interest in pure and tasteful minds, and consequently, their cultivation has always been a favorite pursuit of many persons, and they have also been the constant theme of poetical illustration. So strong and natural is the interest excited by them, that even national manners and customs in all countries, and all ages, have derived from them some of their most significant traits.

The Olive branch has been consecrated to peace; Palm branches to victory; the Laurel to conquest and poetry; the Myrtle to love and pleasure; the Cypress to mourning, and the Willow to despondency. The crown of victors in athletic exercises were frequently composed of Oak leaves. The Oak itself was, with the Mistletoe, regarded as sacred by the ancient Britons. The most honorable reward of the Roman patriot was the CIVIC CROWN, composed of unwreathed Oak leaves. The Ivy and the Vine were associated with festive mirth.

LAUREL.

The fabled origin of the Laurel is this: Daphne, daughter of the river Peneus, offended by the persecutions of Apollo, implored succor of the gods, who changed her into a LAUREL TREE. Apollo crowned his head with leaves, and ordered that forever after, the tree should be sacred to him; but when bestowed on the conqueror, it is only to be considered that he deserves immortality from Apollo's children. A crown of Laurel was given by the Greeks to their athletes; and by the Romans, to those who negotiated a peace.

MYRTLE.

The fabled origin of the Myrtle, so named, is from Myrsine, or Myrene, a Grecian female, and priestess in the temple of Venus. She was a great favorite of Minerva; and Venus, as a proof of her regard, changed her into a MYRTLE, which at the same time she decreed should be green throughout the year. The beauty of the leaf, the flower, and the tree, have ever been celebrated.

The Myrtle grows naturally in Asia, Africa, and the South of Europe; and flourishes best near the sea-coast. Myrtle was the symbol of authority for Magistrates in Athens.

CYPRESS.

Tradition gives the Cypress a mournful origin, and we find

it ever devoted to mournful thoughts, or sad solemnities. From Ovid we learn that CYPARISSUS, son of Telephus of Cea, was beloved by Apollo. Having accidentally killed the favorite stag of his friend, he grieved, pined and dying, was changed by Apollo into a Cypress tree.

"The Cypress tree is tall and straight, having bitter leaves. The shade and smell were said to be dangerous, hence the Romans looked on it as a fatal tree, and made use of it at funerals. It is an evergreen; the wood is heavy, of rather a fragrant smell; is not liable to be attacked by insects, and does not speedily decay."

Harris says, "the gates of St. Peter's church at Rome, which had lasted from the time of Constantine to that of Pope Eugene IV., that is to say, 1100 years, were of Cypress wood, and had in all that time suffered no decay."

Pity, the offspring of love and sorrow, wore on her head a garland composed of her father's Myrtles and her mother's Cypress.

The Willow requires a moist soil, usually growing on the borders of small streams and rivers. Virgil informs us that in olden times, the Willow was the badge of mourning, worn by herdsmen and shepherds.

IVY.

In Egypt the Ivy was consecrated to Osiris, who, under the name of Serapis, was supposed to rule over the subterranean world.

Among the Romans we find the Ivy composing the poet's crown and memorial.

Female dependence and constancy, have, in modern times, been expressed by the beautiful Ivy.

The Oak has fallen!

And the young Ivy bush, which learned to climb
By its support, must needs partake its fall.

Almond. Indiscretion.

Aloe. Grief.

Amaranth. Immortality.

Angelica. Inspiration.

Apple Blossom. Preference.

Balsam. Impertinence.

Bramble. Envy.

Burdock. Touch me not.

Catchfly. Snare.

Cherry tree. Good education.

Columbine. Folly.

Cypress. Mourning.

Daffodil. Self-love.

Daisy. Innocence.

Dock. Patience.

Fennel. Strength.

Flower-de-Luce. Flame.

Forget-me-not. Forget me not.

Geranium, pencilled. Ingenuity.

Geranium, rose-scented. Preference.

—, scarlet. Stupidity.

—, sorrowful. Melancholy.

—, wild. Steadfast piety.

Hawthorn. Hope.

Heart's-ease. Think of me.

Holly. Foresight.

Hollyhock. Ambition.

Hyacinth. Game, play.

Honeysuckle. Generous and devoted affection.

Ice-plant. Your looks freeze me.

Ivy. Friendship.

Jonquil. Desire.

Juniper. Protection.

Laurel. Glory.

Lavender. Mistrust.

Lilac. First emotions of love.

—, white. Youth.

Marigold. Grief.

Mistletoe. I surmount all difficulties.

Myrtle. Love.

Periwinkle. Tender recollections.

Pineapple. You are perfect.

Pink, red. Pure love.

—, yellow. Disdain.

—, white. Ingenuousness.

Poppy. Consolation.

Peach Blossom. I am your captive.

Rose, red. Love.

—, hundred leaved. Grace.

—, monthly. Beauty ever new.

—, musk. Capricious beauty.

—, single. Simplicity.

Rose, white. Silence.

—, withered. Fleeting beauty.

—, yellow. Infidelity.

—, cinnamon. Love at first sight.

Rosebud, white. A heart unacquainted with love.

Rosemary. Your presence revives me.

Saffron. Beware of excess.

Snowdrop. Hope.

Straw, broken. Rupture of a contract.

Straw, whole. Union.

Sunflower. False riches.

Sycamore. Curiosity.

Thorn-apple. Deceitful charms.

Tulip. Declaration of love.

Willow, weeping. Mourning.

— AND —

ROSE OF THE VALLEY! TO ENRICH THE MIND.

TELL ME ALL.

BY MRS. HEWETT.

"Story! God bless you! I have none to tell!"

"Come, mother! sit beneath the vine,

Here by the open door,

And tell me who my fathers were,

In the glorious days of yore.

I've read to-day such glowing tales—

Wond'ring o'er every line—

Of the knights who fought for the holy cross

In the wars of Palestine.

Of their prancing steeds and flashing spears,

And their pennons waving out,

And the clarions mingling on the air

With the stirring battle shout—

"Till I seemed to hear the rush of fight,

The Moslem's rallying cry,

The Christian charge, the Paynim rout,

And the shouts of victory!

And were my sires bold warrior knights,

Oh! brave in their array!

Dear mother! I am old enough—

Tell me the tale, I pray!"

"I have no tale like these, my boy,

In thy young ears to pour—

Here, where we dwell, thy grandsire dwelt,

As his grandsire did before.

With the healthy flush of manly toil,

And the sweat-drop on their brow;

They won these fields from the wild and waste

By the mattock and the plough.

They were the soil's true conquerors—

A spotless name their shield;

And their banner was the waving grain

Of the ripened harvest field.

Seek not to deck thy fair young brow

With mouldering wreaths of fame;

But onward! girt in manhood's might,

And win thyself a name!

Guard well thy faith—keep true thy heart—

Hold thou thine honor fast;

Thus be the lustre of the worth

Back on thy father's cast."

CHARITY.—TOO TRUE.

An African preacher, speaking from "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" mentioned among other things, that many lose their souls by being too charitable. Seeing the congregation astonished beyond measure, at this saying, he very emphatically repeated it, and then proceeded to explain his meaning "Many people," said he, "attend meeting, hear the sermon, and when it is over, they proceed to divide it among the congregation; this part was for that man, that part for such persons; these threats for you sinners—and so," continued the shrewd African, "THEY GIVE AWAY THE WHOLE SERMON, AND KEEP NONE FOR THEMSELVES."

If you would be known and not know, VEGETATE in a village; if you would know, and not be known, LIVE in a city.

If after death, men could know what was said on earth, they would be astonished to learn how much they were 'respected and esteemed' when living.

FROM GRAHAM FOR MAY.

PUSH THE BOTTLE ROUND TOM.

PUSH the bottle round, Tom,
Fill your goblet quite up to the brim,
And when Care in its nectar is drowned, Tom,
A psan for Time and for Him!
A psan for Time as he dies, Tom,
Let's hurry him on with a glee,
For the faster the old fellow flies, Tom,
The better for you and for me.

'Tis a terrible thing to grow old, Tom,
'Tis a terrible thing to perceive
Id Time with his visage so cold, Tom,
Encroaching without asking leave.
And to see the sweet bloom on the lip, Tom,
And the pleasant young light in the eye,
Take flight with the years as they slip, Tom,
So noiselessly, rapidly by.

There is a deepening line on your brow, Tom,
And one at the side of your nose,
And a touch of the old rebel snow, Tom,
Much deeper than you might suppose.
There's a graceless rotund in your back, Tom,
There's a wintriness, too, on your cheek,
And your voice has a kind of a crack, Tom,
More marked when you sing than you speak,

'Tis a terrible thing to be slighted, Tom,
'Tis a terrible drawback to know
That though you may still be invited, Tom,
You're no longer asked as a beau—
To be sentenced to talk with papa, Tom,
Though longing the while to take wing,
And to feel that the kindest mamma, Tom,
Considers you not just "the thing."

I wish, now and then, I had married, Tom,
For mine is a sad lonely life,
And who pauses to find just "THE time," Tom,
May whistle, we know, for a wife.
Oh ho! for the prime of our youth, Tom,
The bloom of the earlier day;
Could we have it all over, in truth, Tom,
We'd manage it some other way.

But push the bright bottle around, Tom,
And fill up your glass to the brim;
And when Care in its nectar is drowned, Tom,
A psan for Time and for Him!
A psan for Time as he dies, Tom,
Let's hurry him on with a glee,
For the faster the old fellow flies, Tom,
The better for you and for me!

News Items.

The OHIO STATESMAN will please accept our thanks for their Extra, from which we clip the following.

From the N. Y. Herald, Extra—April 21.

HIGHLY INTERESTING INTELLIGENCE FROM EUROPE.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP CALEDONIA.—HALF A MONTH LATER.—TWO GREAT VICTORIES OVER THE SIKHS.—THE SUPPOSED TERMINATION OF THE WAR IN INDIA, &c., &c.
The steamer Caledonia, Capt. Lott, arrived at Boston on the 20th inst., with advices from Liverpool to the 4th, and London of the 3d inst., both inclusive.

Oregon in England seems to have lost its attraction for a while in the smoke of the Indian news.

The victories of the English over the Sikhs appears to be the principal feature of the intelligence by this steamer.

The slaughter of the Sikhs was terrible. TEN OR TWELVE THOUSAND OF THESE BRAVE FELLOWS AND NEARLY TWO THOUSAND ENGLISH TROOPS WERE SLAIN AND WOUNDED.

This battle and slaughter, added to the slaughter of twenty thousand Sikhs, in a previous battle, has resulted in the surrender, in full sovereignty, of the territory, hill and plain, lying between the Sutlej and Beas rivers, and the payment of 1 and a half crore of rupees as indemnity for the expenses of war. The entire regulation and control of both banks of the river Sutlej, and such other arrangements for settling the future boundaries of the Sikhs State, and the organization of its administration, as might be determined on at Lahore.

The cotton market was apparently depressed: yet on the

3d inst., American descriptions improved one-eighth of a penny.

The money market was in an unsettled and unsatisfactory state.

There appears to be a stagnation in the corn markets, in consequence of the movements in Parliament relative to the corn laws.

Indian corn continues to arrive in England and gains popularity.

The English tariff and Irish coercion bill absorb the proceedings in Parliament.

The Polish revolution appears to be at an end. Poor, unfortunate Poland.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

REPORTED REVOLUTION—RECALL OF SANTA ANNA.—We have been favored by a gentleman of this city with an extract of a letter dated Havana, 8th inst., received by the arrival of the schooner Galena, Capt. Beard, at this port, which states that on the previous evening Gen. Almonte arrived there from Vera Cruz and immediately proceeded to the residence of Santa Anna. Reports were current that Almonte was en route for England as Minister from Mexico, and others that he and Santa Anna were to embark immediately for Mexico, where another revolution was on the eve of breaking out.

[BALTIMORE CLIPPER, 20th.

There are several rumors afloat of a hostile meeting between Gen. Taylor's army of occupation, and the Mexican forces; and that the former was worsted and driven back; but as nothing definite has been ascertained, we put it down as a hoax.

E. Z. C. JUDSON.

"This individual who killed Mr. PORTERFIELD, was discharged from prison yesterday and immediately left the city on board the steamboat California, bound for Pittsburgh, where his father resides, who, it is said, is regarded as a valuable and highly respected citizen. We learn there was no effort by Porterfield's friends to prosecute Judson.—"NASHVILLE ORTHOPOLITAN.

Thus all speculations on the probable termination of this affair are now at an end. Well, Judson, whatever may have been his sins, has been severely punished; and we hope he will now reform, and become a better man.

DESTRUCTION OF THE STEAMBOAT OREGON.

A letter from New York, dated Saturday morning, 7 o'clock, to the editors of the Philadelphia Ledger says:

"I have to inform you that the splendid steamer Oregon run on the rocks at Hurlgate on coming down the East River.—She will probably be a total loss; the insurance policy on her is drawn up to the effect that she must not go through Hurlgate until daylight. Loss about \$140,000. No lives lost."

The Steamboat Oregon has been the admiration of the Union for the past year, and was considered to be the most magnificent boat ever built.—BALTIMORE SUN EXTRA, April 18.

ACQUITTAL OF POLLY BODINE.

The New York Herald of the 8th inst., says:

"We are indebted to Mr. Barnett, of Newburgh, (who arrived by the Albany boat this morning,) for a copy of the NEWBURGH COURIER of yesterday, containing the result of the trial of Polly Bodine on the charge of murder. The jury rendered a verdict of NOT GUILTY.

Signor Blitz was in New Orleans on the 14th inst., and up for exhibitions.

Red river at last dates was rising with a vengeance, and a destruction of property by freshet was feared.

A monument to Steele, killed in the Anti-Rent riots, is to be erected in Delaware county, N. Y.

Springs.

A Frenchman who knew very little of our language, unfortunately got into a difficulty with a back countryman, and fight he must and that, too, rough and tumble. But before he went at it he was anxious to know what he should cry if he found himself whipped. After being informed that when satisfied, all he would have to do would be to cry out enough, at it they went; but poor Monsieur in his difficulties, forgot the word, and finding his eyes likely to be removed from their sockets, he began to cry out, but instead of saying what was told him, he commenced bawling lustily, "hurrah! hurrah!"

To his astonishment the countryman kept pounding harder, when Monsieur, finding there was no use in halloing, turned and went to work in such good earnest, that it was not long be-

fore the countryman sung out in a stentorian voice—"Enough!"

"Say that again," said the Frenchman.

"Enough! enough!" cried he again.

When the Frenchman in his turn exclaimed—"begar, dat is THE VERE WORD I VAS TRY TO SAY LONG TIME AGO."

MATHEMATICAL.

Pick-pockets appear to be MULTIPLYING in our city.—BOSTON WHIG.

In our city they are SUBTRACTING.—ROCHESTER ADVERTISER.

Here they are DIVIDING—the spoils.—N. O. DELTA.

In Milwaukee, they practice the GROUND RULES.—MILWAUKIE GAZETTE.

Here they keep FIGURING.—CLEVELAND HERALD.

Here they have SOLVED THE PROBLEM, how to escape taxation,—are DISCOUNTING at present—but will soon be REDUCED to FRACTIONS.—OHIO STATESMAN.

With the NUMBERS before us we must be allowed to ADD that here they are ADDING—to their ill-gotten gains as much as possible.

At a late celebration of old bachelors, at Bloomington, Ia., the following toast was drank. THE FAIR; Saints in churches; angels in ball rooms; devils in the kitchen.

The crusty old scraper who drank that toast should be shod with lightning and made to walk over a desert of gunpowder.

A young man, residing pretty well up town, was returning home late, a few evenings since, and, after getting beyond the "limits" of gas lights, he suddenly discovered a brawny-looking fellow with a bundle under his arm, close behind him. He crossed to the other side of the street—so did the stranger.—He returned again to the opposite walk—so did the other.—He stopped—so did his follower. He trotted briskly on—his attendant was close at his heels! He arrived at last at his dwelling, and, mustering his courage, he planted himself firmly on the door step, and, bracing himself for an attack, he turned upon his pursuer with—

"Look! you sir! You have dogged me to the last! What do you want—villian!"

The loafer presented his bundle to the gentleman removed its covering—and, with a country twang enquired—

"DAN'T YOU WANT TO TRADE FOR THIS VERE ROOSTER, SIR?"

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